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# Last One Standing



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## Chapter 1 by Story Wars

"Get up!"

the dim lights switch on as my cover is removed "Get up now or ya won't be eatin'!" before me stands a large man covered in tattoos, his beard is grey and his ears are pierced with silver buds

"What ya don't get about not eating!?!?" he hollers "C'mon!"

I clumsily sit up and sigh "Clothes?"

Once dressed, i wait inside my cell till someone comes and gets me.

"Hello miss, I'm in charge of you for today." a small man with glasses and papers opens my cell door and hands me metal band. I stare at him.

"Oh, you actually have to put it on your wrist. Just, like, this."

The metal band closes, tightens and mauls my skin.

"It's a tracking device." responds the man to my frightened look "Before you get any ideas, it's impossible to remove."

My cell opens and i'm dragged from a room to another. I pass long narrow hallways before i'm yanked into a tiny room.

A women approaches me and hands me a bag "Here, you'll need this "

I open it and find an apple, sunscreen and a small bag with a bottle of water. I frown "W-Why do I need this? and why do I have

She doesn't respond but i

"When I tell you so, you will proceed to the main hall, you will stand on the red spot. Understood?"

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She pulls back my long blond hair into a ponytail and places the dagger in my hand. "Don't ask, just remember: -Stay hydrated. -Watch out for any dangers. -Eat and most important Don't get killed." she chuckles "After all, you want to be the Last One Standing."

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